

Church Matters.

Religious Notices.
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Sunday-school prayer meeting, Sabbath, at 7 P. M. Weekly prayer meeting, Thursday, at 7.45 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school, 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Weekly prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7.45 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. D. R. Lowrie, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school at 2.30 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7.45. Class meetings Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.45.

THE WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Fremont street, corner Franklin. Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school, 12 M. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

CHRIST CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).—Liberty street. Rev. W. G. Farrington, D.D., Rector. Morning service 10.30 o'clock; Sunday-school at 9.30 A. M.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Pastor. First mass, 8.30 A. M.; High mass, 10.30; Vespers, 3 P. M. Sunday-school, 2.30 P. M.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley school-house, Bloomfield Avenue, every Sunday, at 3 o'clock P. M. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATSESSING M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. Coward, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2.30 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7.45. Class meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH (WATSESSING).—Rev. Daniel I. Edwards, Rector. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock; evening service, 8; Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of Service, 10.30 A. M. Sunday-school, 2 P. M. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, 7.45.

REFORMED CHURCH, BROOKDALE.—Rev. J. O. Van Fleet, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9 A. M. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

HOPE CHAPEL. Sunday-school every Sabbath at 3.30 P. M. Mr. John G. Broughton, Superintendent.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath-school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 P. M. Charles A. Hubbs, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7.45 o'clock. Weekly Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

CHURCH SERVICES OMITTED.—For a few weeks to come, the Sabbath Evening service in the First Presbyterian Church, and in the Westminster Church, will be omitted. Services as usual in the morning.

AT THE SILVER LAKE meeting last Sabbath evening, Mr. Frank Hinkel rendered good service on the corner. The people of this place are much indebted to Mr. Edward Davis of Bloomfield, for his long continued and valuable assistance at their Sabbath evening meetings, in connection with the music and singing.

Two Old Pastors.

REV. GEORGE W. DUFFIELD, D.D., a former pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and at present one of the Regents of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, will preach in the Westminster Church to-morrow morning.

REV. HENRY F. SMITH, D.D., a former pastor of the Baptist Church, Bloomfield, and at present pastor of the church at Mount Holly, N. J., will preach in his old pulpit to-morrow morning and evening.

An Ancient Manuscript of Deuteronomy. A supposed Moabite manuscript of Deuteronomy on leather leaves, copied 700 years B. C., has been found. It has been submitted to the scrutiny of Doctor Gesenius and other eminent Hebraist experts. The balance of opinion is in favor of its genuineness. The owner, Shapira, a dealer of Jerusalem, asks the British Museum \$5,000.00 for the manuscript. The Decalogue furnishes a good example for comparison with the received version. The Shapira record is as follows:

I am God, thy God, which liberated thee from the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage. Ye shall have no other Gods. Ye shall not make to yourselves any graven image nor any likeness that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth. Ye shall not bow down to them nor serve them.

I am God, your God, sanctify. In six days I have made the heaven, and the earth, and all that there is therein, and rested on the seventh day. Therefore rest thou also, thou and thy cattle, and all that thou hast.

I am God, thy God. Honor thy father and thy mother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not kill the person of thy brother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not commit adultery with the wife of thy neighbor.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not steal the property of thy brother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not swear by my name falsely, for I visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of those who take my name in vain.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy brother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not covet his wife, or his man servant, or his maid servant, or anything that is his.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart.

I am God, thy God. These ten words God spoke.

Great Mistakes of Life.

In reality, there is no limit to the mistakes of life; but here are fourteen which are more than ordinarily prominent. It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect us to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

The Penalty.

Dr. Andrew McFarland writes thus: "It is your stout old hero, who goes to bed every night with liquor enough under his belt to fuddle the brains of half a dozen ordinary men, and yet for his three-score years and ten, that will be found at the head of the stock that pour into the world, generation after generation, such a crop of lunatics, epileptics, eccentrics, and imbeciles as we often see. The impunity with which one so constituted will violate all physical law gets its set-off in a succeeding generation, when the great harvest begins. That the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children; that the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth have been set on edge; are truths that no Scripture is needed to teach. In other words, he who sins through physical excess does not do half the harm to himself that he does to the inheritors of his blood. The penalty must be paid as surely as there is a seed time and a harvest."

Author of the Passion Play.

The man who was virtually the author of the Ober-Ammergau "Passion Play," of which we have heard so much of late years, has just died in that village at the age of eighty-five. He was a Benedictine monk, and his name was Geistliche Rath Daisenberger. He was the son of a peasant. In early life he became an enthusiastic lover of music and the religious drama, writing many religious plays. In 1848 he was transferred from the monastery of Ettal to become the spiritual director of Ober-Ammergau; and it was at the suggestion of the Bavarian King, Ludwig I., that he revised the "Passion Play," which was formerly no more than a rude piece of grotesque mumming. He made it a drama pervaded by a much loftier spirit, and its performance once every ten years since has attracted the attention of the civilized world. The representations have been of the success to the patient zeal of Father Daisenberger, who was doubtless animated in the work by a genuine desire to make the drama a source of religious edification to those who witnessed the performance. Personally he was a man of noble and commanding aspect, his countenance marked by a serene and gracious dignity. He is said to have been a faithful pastor, and was greatly loved by the simple peasantry of the district in which he spent nearly forty years of his life.

Who Kissed away the Tear?

Is anything stranger than the human heart? Nature sends a frail, green vine creeping across the earth to reach a grim wall and cover its ugliness—to reach a dead branch and cover it with life. We bless nature as we see these things, and yet we do not realize that human hearts are ever doing the same. One day, months ago, a rosy-faced child looking from a window saw a queer old man go limping past. It tapped on the pane and the old man looked up. The child's heart opened his old heart, and he went on his way feeling richer than for many a month past. He was the grim wall—the child was the green vine. He passed again, and again the child was at the window, and for days and weeks they never missed seeing each other. At each meeting the vine crept nearer to the wall—the wall appeared less grim and forbidding. One day the "wall" laid aside his old hat for a better one. Another day he had a new coat. Again he was clean shaven, and the "vine" scarcely recognised him. No one knew the old man, but all knew that he was feeling the influence of the vine.

A week ago as the old man passed he missed the face at the window. Was he too early or too late? He turned round and looked and seemed lost. It was the same next day, but a kind heart pitied him and sent out word that the child was sick. The green vine had reached the wall only to be blighted. Two days more and there was craps on the door. The child was dead. It had fallen asleep in death without a struggle, knowing nothing of the great bereavement, but having no fear. The pale cheek was a tear—a single tear which glistened like a diamond. No hand dared to wipe that tear away. It seemed a tie between the present and the past—the living and the dead.

"Please can I see the—the child?" It was the old man—the grim wall—who knocked timidly at the door and spoke thus. They knew him by sight, and he led him into the room where the vine lay dead. He stood over the coffin for a moment, lips quivering and eyes full of tears, and then he bent over and kissed the face which would watch for him no more. When he had kissed it away! Old and poor and unknown, he had reaped a treasure such as all the millions of the world could not buy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Eastern Wisdom.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity, nor an enemy hid in adversity. A wise sentence will be rejected when spoken by a fool, because he will not speak at the proper time. Mysteries are revealed to the meek. Lose thy money for your brother and friend and let it not rust under a stone. A thief is better than a man accustomed to lie. If you have heard a word let it die with you, for it will not burst you. When a rich man speaks, every one holds his tongue; but if a poor man, they say, "What fellow is this?" There can be no good come to him that is always occupied in evil, nor to one that gives no alms.

The preacher actually startled the sexton in opening the windows when he told him that the air was so bad in the close church that it put the organ out of tune using it to blow with.—*Exchange.*

A Midsummer Day's Dream.

(FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.)

The dreamer was strolling along Broadway the other day, and wandered into a shop where are sold antique furniture and articles of bric-a-brac and vertu. (Ah! that a shop could be found, where one might purchase the latter, spelt differently. Who would not forego a new meerschaum pipe or coveted lace fan to invest in that unbuyable commodity? And what a lift on the upward way would be given us by a Christmas gift of say five dollars' worth of virtue! But the dreamer dreameth an idle dream.)

Outside were sunshine, rattling stages and couples, and the hurrying stream of people. Inside were twilight and (was it imagination supplied it?) an odor of dried rose leaves and musty love letters. By one step was passed the door dividing the present from the past, and the dreamer found himself in the days gone by. There was a dressing table, its one drawer and small mirror held up by four spindling legs. Upon it stood two quaint candlesticks—knights in armor, whose spread arms each supported a candle. Between the candlesticks lay a jewel case, a guitar in shape, lined with blue satin, now faded almost white. Surely it was the shadowy form of a vanished beauty that touched the dreamer as he passed—or perhaps the wind and this piece of priceless tapestry played a trick upon him.

Here was a dinner set of crimson bordered china, once belonging to Lord Bulwer Lytton. And looking at it, Fancy pictured the actor Macready and the authoress of "The Lady of Lyons" discussing plans of the new play "Richieu" as they dined from these same dishes. Here a pinnet, which had answered to the touch of many a vanished hand, its tones now quivering and broken. All these were English, but passing down stairs, the soul of the dreamer took flight to La Belle France and the days of Louis Seize. A suite of furniture was here—two sofas, four chairs, woodwork white and gold, upholstered with faded tapestry. What changes had they seen! What courtly men and lovely women had rested in their embrace—how often in the days of their youth, when that "old, old story," which is ever fresh and new! And what partings had they witnessed in those days of terror and the guillotine!

Then was the time of the First Empire where were they? Who knows? Perhaps unhappy Josephine wept in this chair at Malmaison. As the dreamer stood in that room alone, he seemed suddenly surrounded by an intangible company, and he heard (as it were) the ghost of a sound! The soft *frou-frou* of silk and satin, the click of dainty heels, the rattle of swords in their scabbards. Or was it the distant hum of the street above?

In a corner leaned a Moorish gun—the stock inlaid with pearl, the long barrel hammered silver; and ranged beside it three suits of armor. Where are the brave hearts these once covered? Mingled with the dust, and perhaps scattered by the winds of Palestine, or flowering on the field of battle.

The Prince Demidoff collection, sold in Paris last year, was represented by an exquisite cabinet of tulip wood inlaid with silver and Sèvres plaques.

And here surely is the "first and only greatest original" umbrella on earth! Gray in color, vast in size, with what looks like a yellow ivory croquet ball on the handle. Along the walls stand many tall old clocks which have seen generations come and go, and have ticked on indifferently "Through days of sorrow and of mirth, Through days of death and days of birth, And every swift vicissitude Of changeable time."

Enclosed behind glass doors were magnificently carved ivory tankards, and huge *repoussé* silver drinking cups—so generous in their proportions that one can well believe there were bad headaches the days they were used; rare pieces of Capo di Monte, and the lovely pink Italian enamel, and to crown all a perfume bottle of wonderful workmanship, this was about the eighth or ninth representing a bagpipe, a player—cut from rock crystal, and resting on a wrought brass stand. The price was six hundred and fifty dollars.

It is reported that before Henry Irving set sail for this country, M^{rs}. Christine Nilsson, in the following words, gave him the best advice she could give: "The best way to keep on the right side of the American public is to learn 'Way Down upon the Suwanee River.' It carried me through two seasons, and they are not tired of it yet."

Iron endurance and uncomplaining remembrance are the two poles of human force.—*Maria Eschenbach.*

FAITH is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.—*Augustine.*

List of Letters
 Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday August 8, 1883.

Chamberlaine, Thos. McClosky, Thomas Conroy, Patrick. Mead, John. Dickinson, Mrs. Eliza. Mawry, Kate. Doremus, Chas. B. O'Neil, Annie. Eagles, Mamie. O'Mahony, Michael. Feenaghty, Michael. Schau, Gustav. Hall, John E. Scott, John H. Higgins, James. Stevenson, W. Hughes, Wm. V. Talcott, J. D. Leon, Gottfried.

Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertised" letters.

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LOST.

A young, black dog, cross between St. Bernard and Bird Dog, about the size of the latter. Broad feet, and end of tail, white; nickel collar with small lock. Five dollars reward for the return or information leading to the recovery of the same to E. W. MORRIS, P. O. Box 33, Glen Ridge, N. J.

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SAW MILL

has just been opened by C. F. FRITZ, on the premises known as the Woodbridge Foundry, near Ridgewood Ave., where there will be found constantly on hand, Kindling Wood, also Cord Wood, sawed or unsawed.

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 Re-sawing for Carpenters a Specialty.

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 Box 73. Glen Ridge, N. J.

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 NEWARK CITY ICE CO.

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 W. A. FREEMAN, Supt.

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AMZI DODD, - - President.

ASSETS (Market Value).....\$36,323,620.00
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 SURPLUS (Massachusetts Standard).....2,901,995.56
 SURPLUS (New York Standard).....5,113,515.56

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